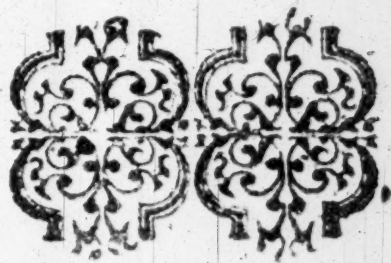


VIRGIL'S
BUCOLICKS
ENGISHED.

VVhereunto is added the
Translation of the two
first Satyrs of
IVVENAL.

By IOHN BIDDLE.

—— *Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua future.

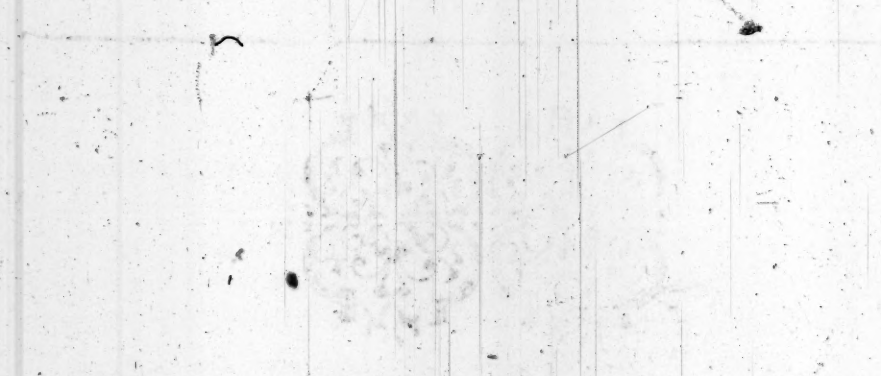


LONDON.
Printed by I. L. 1634.

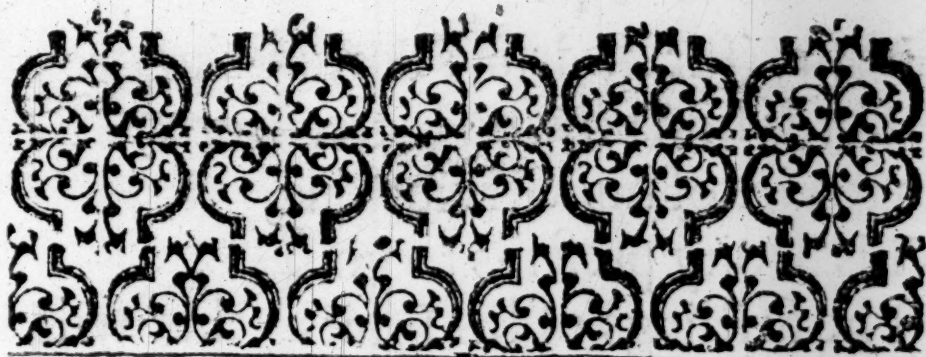
THE
VOLUME
OF

THE
HISTORY
OF

THE
CITY
OF



LONDON
Printed by J. B. 1634



TO
THE WORSHIPFULL,
HIS MOST WORTHY PA-
tron, *John Smith* of *Nibly* Esquier,
Mecenas of the *Wottonian*
Muses.

Sith, when you daigned to
restore
Our Schoole deflowr'd,
defac'd before,
Your Favorite hee did commence,
And hanfell your Munificence;
That of his Muse he well may call
You the maine Base, and Pedestall;
And a bad Debtor 'tis (they say)
That never can resolve to pay:

A 2

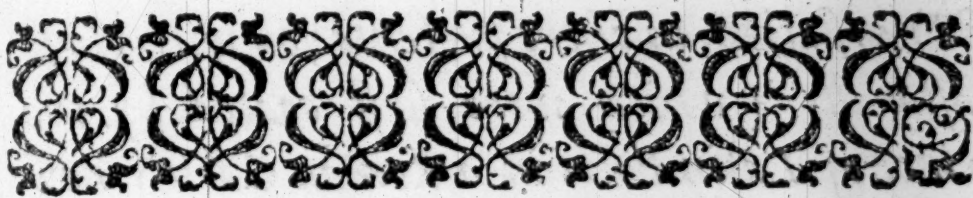
Hc

The Epistle Didicatory.

He, sir, (for his lanke Fortunes poore
Affords him now no better store)
In tender of his Service due,
This Moity presents to you,
(The firstlings of his Fruits) that will
Remaine

Your gratefull Hench-man still,

Iohn Bidle.



TO THE READERS.

INgenuous Readers, question you may, with what front I (enlisted (I confesse) among the Rable of home-bread versifiers) dare thrust upon the world this abortive pamphlet: shall I tell you? I dreamt nothing lesse, but was entasked to undertake this unwilling willing labour. But not to goe about the bush, if you reake not of this Apologie, (I pray you) sith every capricious brain-sicke Rimer so pestersthe world with the uncouth Chimeraes of his owne fancy, why should not I disvellop the flag of my Muse? which though shee bee home-spun, and savors of Rusticity, yet fearing to rove at random after selfe-plotted and new-fangled trickes; (in which respect shee may extort, though not praise yet pardon) hath chosen to confine her-selfe within the precincts

A 3

of

To the Readers.

of Translation, and here presents you with these
Pastoralls (which were first coated by the
Prince of Latin Poets in a Roman Garb) now
shifted into an English habit.

As for the worke it selfe, I could wish I
had performed it throughout with such Dex-
terity, as might have indeered, and ingaged
your liking: But sith (as I mistrust) I have not
in some places, upon just admonition, none
shall bee more ready to agnize his errors, and
amend them, than my selfe.

John Bidle.

VIRGIL'S



VIRGIL'S BV COLICKS.

THE FIRST ECLOGVE, OR, *TITYRVS.*

THE ARGVMENT.

*Blest Tityrus his Fantor God doth stile,
whilst Melibie deplores his hard Exile.*

MELIBOEVS. TITYRVS.



Hou, *Tityrus*, in shroud of Beech, dost play
On slender Oaten-pipe a Sylvan lay;
Our Native Confiner We abandon: We
Our pleasant Granges, & our COUNTRY flee:
Thou, *Tityrus*, i'th' shade reposing still,
Learn'st the woods to resound faire *Amarill*.

Tit. God is the Source of this our happy Rest,
O *Melibæus*! Him I will invest
Ay with that Name; A tender Lambling, ta'n
From our Cotes, oft his Altars shall distain.
My Neat to freely graze (thou seest:) and me
On Reed to play my Fill, permitted He.
Me. Sure I Envie not, but Admire thy State:
Through all our Countrey, ev'ry where, of Late,

The First Eclogue.

We by the Souldier are embroiled so.
Far-off I, sickly, drive my Goatlings, lo,
And, *Tityrus*, can scarce This lug along ;
For earst the eaning, th' Hazels thicke among,
Her twins, the Flock's Hope, on a bare Flint leir.
Oft this Disaster (had we not been reft
(Dull Sots !) of Sence !) the Lightning-blasted Oakes
By sure Ostents portended, and the Rook's
Ill-boading Notes from th' hollow Holmen Tree !
But tell me, *Tit'rus*, who that God should bee.

Ti. With that Vast City, which they Rome dee call,
I (Foole !) did parallel our *Mantua* Small,
Where oft We, Shep-heards, sell our tender Lambs.
Now I haue known Thus Kidlings like their Dams ;
Whelps, like their Bitches : Thus compare I did
Great things with small : But Her cloud-threatning Head
As much 'bove other Cities towreth up,
As Cypresses the Dwarfe Shrubs over top.

Me. And what such great cause hadst Thou Rome to see?

Ti. Sweet Liberty, which re-saluted mee
With Later, but with Better Visits farre,
After my downy Beard I first did sheare.
She re-saluted Me, and came agen
Long after, since that *Galatea* (when
Me *Amarillus* had) deserted me.
For (for I will confesse) of Libertie
No Hope, no Care of my Estate I had ;
While I with Rustick *Galatea* staid.
Though many a Victim from my Sheepe folds went,
And fat Cheese to that thank-lesse Towne I sent,
Yet ne'r my Fift well-monied did returne.

Me. I mus'd why Thou the Gods didst call and mourne ;
And for whose Sake Thou sufferd'st, *Amarill*,
The Ripe Fruit on the Trees to dangle still.

——'Twas

Or, *TITYRVS.*

—'Twas *Tityrus* went Hence; The Pine-Trees tall,
Thee, *Tityrus*, the Founts, and Groves did call.

Ti. What should I doe? Me from the servile Yoke
I neither could loose, nor, else-where, invoke
The like propitious Gods. Here, *Melibie*,
I did that vn-corrivall Stripling see,
For whose sole Sake twice sixe dayes ev'ry yeere,
Our Altars smoak. He First my Wishes Here
Sing'd with these Answers; Boys (as earst ye did)
Yoke your vn-wilded Bulls, your Oxen feed.

Me. Blest Old-Man, therefore shall thy Country Grange
Remaine, and big enough for Thee to range:

"Though It an over-peering Hill doth bound,

"And a thick muddy Plash bemoat It round

"Th' vn-wonted Clover shall not hurt thy stocke
Of Pregnant Ewes: Nor shall thy Neighbour's Flock
Infect Them with the Scab. Old happy Man,

Here shalt Thou 'mongst the wel known Rivers than,

And sacred Springs, be with coole Brieses fand,

On this side, th' Hedge, that parts thy Neighbors Land

From Thine, (which for the blooming willow-Trees

Is alwaies haunted by *Hyblean* Bees)

Thee shall invite, with gentle buzzing Noise

To take sweet Naps oft. With exalted voice

Sing shall (on t' other Side) the Loppers shrill,

Downe at the Bases of a lofty Hill.

Nor shall hoarse Ring-doves (thy care) cease to woo;

Nor Turtle from the airy Elme to coo.

Ti. The light Stags therefore shall feed in the Sky,

And Seas leave on the shore their Fishes dry:

(Deserting Both their Native Country's Bliss)

The exild *Parthian* shall drinke *Araris*;

The german, *Tyrris*: From his Countenance

'Fore I my mind all Hearts eyes will askance.

Me. But

The first Eclogue.

Me. But We, some to the thirsty Africans,
Hence quick will poast; some to the Scythians;
To Cretan swift Oaxis some confin'd;
And Britons quite from the whole World disjoin'd.
Lo! shall I (wretched Exile) kenning e're
My Native Confines, after many a yeare;
And Turf thatcht Confect of my Cottage poore,
(My Petty Kingdome) It admire therefore?
Shall th' impious Souldier be possesst of These
So well tild Earshes? The Barbarian seaze
These Crops? Lo! Neighbours to what Miseric
Discord hath brought Vs? Lo! for Whom have we
Sown our manured Acres! Pear-Trees now
Graft, *Melibæus*; into Ranges bow
Thy Vines! ye bounding Goats, avant, avant
Ye (sometime Happy) Goats! Far-off: I sha'n't,
(In a Greene Cave imbow'd) Hereafter You,
From a Thorn-bristled Mountaine hanging view.
To You no warbling Ditties shall I sing;
The flowring Cythisse (I you pasturing)
Nor then the bitter Willowes shall you brouz.

Ti. But yet vouchsafe my shed thy Rendez-vous.
This Night, and on green Leaves repose with Me;
We (for thy Supper) mellow Apples; We
Fresh-gathered Cheest nurs have at Home, and store
Of new-made Cheese: And now bemisted o're
With dusky Smoake are th' Hamlets Summits all,
And greater shadowes from High Mountaines fall.

THE

ALEXIS.

THE SECOND ECLOGVE.
OR, ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Thrill'd with God Cupid's shafts, (though in despaire)
Poore Corydon pursues Alexis Faire,*

THe Shepheard *Corydon* lov'd *Alexis* faire,
His Masters Darling: but with hope-lesse Care.
He only to the Glades his course did frame,
And 'mongst the tufted Beeches daily came;
There did He to the Woods, and Mountaines vent
This moody Ditty, with a vaine Intent.

Alexis dire! Thou sleight'st all Layes of Mine!
Relent-lesse art! Mak'st Me to die, (in fine!)
Now even the Cattell in the shade reside:
Now thorn-full Brakes even the Greene Lizards hide.
Thestylis, for the Mowers tir'd i'th Sun,
Now Garlicke, and wild-Bettony doth pun,
Strong-senting Hearbs: But with my warbling sound,
And Grasshopper's hoarse Notes the Groves rebound,
As I in Quest of Thee (while *Phœbus* glowes)
Do roam. Was it not better Me t' expose
To *Amaril's* sad Ire, and haughty Pride?
Not better was't *Menalcas* to abide?
Though he were Blacke, Thou White. Faire, None-such
Be not too-confident on Beauty's Blaze. (Face,
Unfullied Privet-Flowres do fall (we see;)
Blacke Violets are cropt. Thou scornest Mee,
Nor, who I am, enquit'st; What store I keepe
Of Milke; How many snow-white fleeced sheepe.

My

The second Eclogue.

My thousand Ewes stray on Sicilian Hills;
When Summer scorches, and when Winter chills,
New-milke I have : such quav'ring Airs I sing,
As that sweet *Hymnist*, (the Heards summoning)
Theban *Amphion* earst to chant was wont,
In *Aracynth*, that on the shore doth front.
Nor am I so deform'd, this Face of mine
I viewd i'th Mirror of the calmed Brine,
Late standing on the Beach; Contend I dare,
Thou Iudge, (If true's my Counterfeit) for Faire
With *Daphnis*. O, would it might pleate Thee well,
I'th' Countrey (sordid deem'd of Thee) to dwell!
And seat thy Mansion in our low-built sheds;
And Stags transfix; and drive the frisking Kids
To the Marth-mallows, chanting th' woods among,
Like *Pan*, the Diapason of thy song.
Pan many Reeds did First together glue
With Wax: *Pan* favours Sheep, and Sheep heards too.
Nor e'r repent t'have worn thy Lip with play:
How toild *Amynt* for skill in Musick's Lay?
With seven unequall Reeds a Pipe I have
Compact, which earst *Dametas* to Me gave,
And dying (Thou'rt the Second Owner) said;
He spake: *Amyntas* envi'd, ill apaid.
Besides two Young-Roes, in an vn-safe Vale
Late found, I have; whose yet-py'd Skins are all-
Be-spect with white; They suck dry ev'ry day
An Ew's two Teats; which earst to have away
Me *Thestylis* importun'd, and she shall,
Because Thou prizest not our Gifts at all.
Faire Boy, come hither; Lo! in crowded Maunds
The Nymphets bring Thee Lilies. With her Hands
Spruse *Nais*, cropping Tops of Poppys stammell,
And Violets, thy Ghirlands doth enamell

Made

or, *ALEXIS.*

Made with Narcissus sweet, and luscious Dill;
Then adding other Hearbs of fragrant smell,
The Hyacinth she deftly doth be-fringe
With the fine Mary-gold of Saffron I indge.
My-selfe I'l' downy Quinces pluck with care,
And Chest-nuts, to my *Amarillis* deare ;
Soft Plums I'l' add, and Honour shall accrew
To them ; And, O ye Laurels, crop-off you,
Thee, amorous Myrtle, next ; for placed thus,
Perfumes ye mixe most odoriferous.
Thou'rt *Corydon* a Clown : *Alexis* Fair
Thy gifts doth scorne ; *Iolas* Debonair,
(If Gifts enforce thy Claim) will Thee out-vy :
Alas ! what meant I wretch ? let in have I
To th' Flowrs danke Auster, whiffing with his Wings ;
Fount-troubling Bores, to the pure christall Springs.
From Whom, an frantick Boy, dost fling so fast ?
Even Gods have in the Woods their Mansion plac't,
And *Paris* : In her selfe-rai'd Turrets bright
Let *Pallas* dwell ; Vs the Woods sole delight.
The Lionesse, the Wolfe : the Wolfe doth vse
The Goat to follow : the blith Goat pursues
The Cythille : Thee, *Alexis*, *Coridon*.
All Fancys choice delights attend upon.
The Bullocks, lo, bring home againe the Plows ;
And Sol departing, 'bout Earth's gloomy Brows
Night 'gins to spread her Curtaines : yet I glow
With love ; For what mean doth fell Cupid know ?
What thus infuriates Thee, *Corydon* ?
A vine Thou hast at home halfe-prun'd, upon
A leavie Elme ; Go, Rather Officers take,
And pliant Bul-rushes, and quickly make
Vtensils needfull. If This prove vn-kind,
A Debonair *Alexis* Thou shalt find.

THE

The third Eclogue.

THE THIRD ECLOGVE.
OR, PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sheep-beards entring Lists with furious Rage,
Are stickled by Palæmon's Vmpirage.*

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALÆMON.

Me **W** Ho owns these Sheepe, *Damoetas*? *Melibie*?
Da. No, *Agon*; *Agon* lately took'em Me.

Me Still hap-lesse Sheepe! While *Agon* (courting Her)
Feares lest *Nœra* Me t' Him-selfe prefer:

The Ewes each howre this Hireling milketh twice,
That both exhausted is the Cattels Juice,
And the poore Lamblings of their Milke beguild.

Da. But, sir, to Men those Feats up-braid more milde.
We know where Thou, looking askew, wast tane,
And (out the gentle Nymphs smild) in what Fane.

Me. Twas Then, when *Mycon*'s Copsie they saw Me top
With an ill Cycle, and his new-Vines lop.

Da. Or, at th' old Beeches, Here, when *Daphnis* Bow,
And shafts Thou brok'st: which when re-given, Thou,
Perverse *Menalcas*, sawst, thy choller sweld,
And (He vn-spited) spleen thy Life had queld.

Me. When such Buffons even theevish Servants bee,
Then what shall Masters doe? did I not see
Thee, Varlet, stealing *Damons* Goat; when I,
His Mongrell barking, Holla Thiefe, did cry?
And said; In one my Flocks drive, *Tit'rus*, Here;
Then didst Thou skulke behind a sedgy Peere.
Out-sung by Me, should He the Goat, Before
Gained by my Pipes demerit, not restore?

The third Eclogue.

If Thou knowst not, 'twas Mine, confest to Me
By *Damon*, but surrendred could not be.

Me. Thou, Him, in singing--> hadst a Pipe e'r glude
With waxe? wast Thou not wont, Thou bungler rude,
T'infest the High-waies with thy yels, and double
Thy balefull Ditties with a squeeking stuble.

Da. By Turne shalls both our Skills in singing try?
This Heifer I lay down(Lest thou deny,
Twice a-day milkt, two sucklings fosters she)
Say for what wager Thou wilt Cope with Me.

Me. Nought of the Flocke with Thee ingage I must:
A Sire I have at Home, a step-dame curst.

Both twice a-day the sheepe; The Kids she telis
Besides. But, what thy selfe shall say excells,

(Sith Thou 'rt so peevish) I will bett a Paire
Of Beechen Cups, carv'd by that Artist rare

Alcimedon: on which a pliant Vine

Most featly turnd, doth amorously combine

With berry'd Ivy; Emboist, midst of All,

Two Figures are, *Conon*, and (what I call)

He, that with's Iacob-staffe this Mundan Bowle,

When Mowers should py'd Tellus Tresses powle,

Describ'd what Seasons are for Plow-men fit:

Which with my Lips vntoucht I keepe as yet.

Da. So two for Vs the same *Alcimedon* made,
Whose Eares soft twining Bearf-foot doth o'r shade;

I'th' midst He *Orpheus*, and th' Woods following set:

Which with my Lips vntoucht I keepe as yet.

The Heifer view, Thou'lt not the Cups inhance.

Me. Thou shalt ne'r scape to day. I will advance

On any Terms: Let's only put it to

Yon' Mans Arbitrement. *Palamon* lo!

Pl make ye, Sirra, never dare agen.

Let's to'r; No stay shall be found in Me then,

Nor

The third Eclogue.

Not reake I any. Only this I pray,
Neighbour *Palemon* peiz it; 'tis no Toy.

Pa. Sing, fith We in the tender *Grasse* repose,
And now each Meadow, now each Sapling blowes;
The Woods Now flourish, the yeare's fairest Now.
Begin, *Dametas*, first; Then follow Thou
Menalcas. Ye shall both by Turne rehearse:
The sacred Muses love Alternate Verse.

Da. My Song beginneth from All-filling *Jove*:
He's *Tellus* Fautor: He my Verse doth love.

Me. And Me *Dion Phœbus* favours: His Gifts ay
I have, both sweet red Hyacinth, and Bay.

Da. At me an Apple *Galatea* flings:
(First ey'd by me) Then to the Willow springs.

Me. But Me *Amynt*, un-woo'd, doth visit so,
That our Dogs doe not better *Delia* know.

Da. I for my Minion have got Gifts: for I
A Neast of airy Ring-Doues earst did spy.

Me. Ten Limmons to the Boy, (lo stored Then)
I sent: I'll send to-morrow t' other Ten.

Da. What Words to Vs did *Galatea* say?
Some part, ye Winds, to the Gods eares convey!

Me. What boots it though, *Amynt*, Thou lov'st Me,
The Bores Thou chacest, if I keep the Toiles? (whiles)

Da. *Iolas*, *Phillis* send (my Birth-day 'tis:)
Come Thou, when I to *Ceres* sacrifice.

Me. She hath my Heart: My Going she did rue,
Saying, fair *Jolas*, Long Adieu, Adieu. (downe;

Da. The Wolfe, the Itals; Ripe Fruits, showrs drizzling
Trees, boistrous Winds annoy; Me, *Phillis* Frowne.

Me. Withy love teeming Cattell; Corne, a showr;
Kids, Arbuts; I, *Amynt* my Paramour.

Da. Our Mule (though Rustick) is to *Pollio* deare;
Ye Muses, for your Reader feed a steare.

Me. A

The third Eclogue.

Me. A Bull feed for Him, (He the Poet plaies)
Whole Hoines may grow, whose Hooves the sand may raise.

Da. Let thy Friend, *Pollie*, come where thou dost come,
Let Hony flow There; Thornes beare Amomum.

Me. Who hates not *Bavins* Rimes, let him love thine,
Ranke *Mævius*: He-Goates milke, and Foxes ioyne.

Da. Ye Boys, that flowers, and Strawb'rys plucke apace,
Fly hence; a cold Snake lurketh in the Grasse.

Me. Let not the Sheepe approach the Banke too nigh;
Now even the Ram his soaked Fleece doth dry.

Da. My Goatlings, *Tit'rus*, from the River bring:
When time shall serve, I'll rinse 'em in the Spring.

Me. Lads, shroud the Ewes: If their milke dri'd up be,
(As Late) in vaine their Vdders squeez shall We.

Da. How lanke my Bull is in a Pasture battle!
The same Love pines the master, and the Cattle.

Me. Love's not the cause These bare-bon'd are, & slender:
Some ill eye fascinates my Lamblings tender.

Da. Tell (and Thou shalt be great *Appollo*) where
Heav'n three Els open (no more) doth appeare.

Me. Tell where Flowrs grow, upon whose Crownets fine
Kings Names are writ, and *Phyllis* shall be Thine.

Pa. No such great mutuall Fend compose must We,
Thou'rt worthy of the Heifer, so is He;
And who-e'r Bitter tries, or Sweet Loves dreads.
Lads shut the Rivers, sated are the Meads.

B

THE

The fourth Eclogue.

THE FOVRTH ECLOGVE.
OR, POLLIO.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Reviving Sibyl's verse, in Golden Rimes,
Our Poet Here presageth Golden Times.*

Sicilian Muses Now some Loftier Strain:
Low Tamarisks, and Shrubs do never gain
All Fancies Liking. If we caroll forth
The Woods, the Woods may suit the Consul's Worth.
Laps'd Now's the Iron Age by Sibyl sung:
A-fresh the Old Worlds Renovation's sprung:
The Virgin Now returns, and Saturn's Raigne:
Now a New Off-spring's sent of Heavenly strain.
This Boy (the Period of the Iron Age,
That doth, *Lucina*, Golden Times presage)
His Mother's pregnant Womb as thy Hand laies,
Favour: The Scepter thy *Apollo* swayes.
This bliss-full Age, Thou Consul, shall begin,
Drad *Pollio*, and the Great Moneths Vsher in.
Then Civill-Wars surviving Relicks quel'd,
From Feare to quit the Earth shall be compel'd.
He shall be deicide in blest Abodes,
Seeing, and Seen of *Heroes* mixt with Gods.
And with his Father's Martiall Prowes, the Earth
Composed, rule. But, Sweet Boy, on thy Birth,
Tellus, uncultivated, shall bestow
Green Lady-Gloves, and crawling Ivy too,
As her first Gifts; and Beares-foot virent still,
Mixt with Egyptian-Beans of luscious Smell.

Their

Their Vdders stuf with Milk the She-Goats shall
Bring Home; nor Lyons aw the Hcards at all.
Most odoriferous Flowers shall proceed
Even from thy Cradle, and each bain-full Weed
Dy, with the Serpent: Sprouting ev'ry where
Assyrian Amomum shall appeare.

But when thy Sire's Exploits, and Heroes Fame
Thou, reading, shalt discerne true Vertues Name,
The Field shall yellow grow with Eares of Corn,
And red Grapes dangle on th' incultive Thorn;
And fragrant Hony from hard-Okes shall drain.
Yet shall few Seeds of Ancient Fraud remain,
Towns causing to immure, and Thetis sweep
With Keels, and slice the Earth with furrowes deep.

Another famous Typhis shall be Then;
Another Argo, to waft o'r agen
Selected Heroes; other Warres befall;
Again great-sould *Achilles* Ilium scale.
When Thon a Man shalt be, to saile the Brine
The Marriner shall cease; No Nauticke Pine
Shall barter Wares. All Lands all Things shall beare.
The Glebe Then tooth-full Harrowes shall not teare;
Nor shall the Vine abide the Pruning Hooke:
The hardy Plow man shall his Bulls un-yoke.
Wooll various colours shall not counterfeit:
Their Fleeces Now with Red-mixt Purple sweet,
Now dy with Saffron yellow shall the Rams;
Bright Sandix shall invest the feeding Lambs.
The *Parce* 'greeing by Fates fixt Decree,
Said to their Spindles, Rowl such Times of Glee.
Vault ('twill be Time) into the Regall Throne,
*Io*es great Increase, th'Immortal's dearest Sonne,
The World, lo, reels with Sin's stupendious Fraight!
Earth, Seas, Heavens boundlesse Regiõs shrink with waight!

The fifth Eclogue.

See, in the Age-to-come how All reioyce!
May I so long extend my life, and Voyce,
Thy Deeds in Strains Heroick to rehearse!
Nor Thracian Orpheus should out-shrill my Verse,
Nor Linus: Though Calliope, his Mother,
Should second Orpheus: His sire Phœbus, t'other.
Arcadia Iudge, strove Pan with Me in Lays,
Arcadia Iudge, He should resigne the Bays.

'Gin, Little Boy, to know thy Mother's smiles:
Ten moneths have brought thy Mother tedious Toiles.
Begin: His God (whose Parents have not laught)
A Board; A Bed, his Goddesse ne'r vouchaft.

THE FIFTH ECLOGVE. OR, DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Their Daphnis Death in Swan-like Tunes deplor'd,
The Swains consorting mutuall Gifts afford.*

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

Me. **V**Hy, Mopsus, doe We not (sith Both skild meet,
Thou, to blow light Reeds, I, to caroll sweet)
Amid these Hazel-inchas'd Elms reside?

Mo. You are my Senior; You t'obey I'm tide,
Beneath uncertaine Shades while Zephyr blowes
Whether We lie, or in some Cave repose;
Lo how a Wild-Vine doth this Grot bespread,
His dangling Clusters thinly scattered!

Me. The sole Amynt shall combat in our Hills.

Mo. What if, in Singing, Phœbus He out-shrills?

Me. Sing,

or, *DAPHNIS.*

Me. Sing, *Mopsus*, first, or *Phyllis* Loves to raise;
Or scouling *Codrus* Death; Or *Alcons* Praise.
Begin; Thy feeding Kidds shall *Tir'rus* tend.

Mo. Yea (Late which in a Beeches Rine I pend)
These Verses tun'd by course vnto my Reed,
I'll try; Then bid *Amyntas* to succeed.

Me. As Pliant *Oliars*, to Pale Olive Trees;
Low Lavander, to Purple Rosaries;
So much We iudge *Amyntas* stoops to Thee.

Mo. Cease Boy, for We thy Grot are entred, see.
The Nymphs condol'd their butcherd *Daphnis* deare,
To them ye streames, and Hazels Record beare:
When clipping her dead Son's Ruth-moving Corse,
His Mother blam'd the Gods and stars dire Force.
None, *Daphnis*, drove their full-stuff Neat to drinke,
Nor any Cattell sipt the River's Brinke,
Nor in those dayes once toucht a Blad of grasse.
That Punick Lyons did thy Death (Alas!)
Bemoan, the Woods and savage Mountaines tell.
He harness First Hyreanian Tygres fell:
He First to Bacchus instituted Dances,
And first with soft Leaves wreathed pliant Lances.
As Vines do Trees, as Grapes doe Vines adorne,
The Heards as Bulls, as fallow Lands the Corne:
So Thou Thine crownest. When Thee Fates bereft,
Our Fields even Pales, and Apollo left.
Where We plump Barly sowd in Furrowes Late,
Base Darnell, and Wild-Oates predominate:
For the soft Vi'let, purple Daffadill,
Our Meadows prickly Furse, and Thistles fill.
Ye Shepheards strow the Ground with Leaves, & Flowers
Your Fountaines seele with enterbroided Bowes,
(For *Daphnis* so commands) and Him interr,
With this Inscription on his Sepulcher,

The fift Eclogue.

J Daphnis in the Woods, Hence known to t^b Air;
A Fair Flocks Keeper, but my selfe more Fair.

Me. Such is thy Verse to Vs, Poet Divine,
As, tir'd, in Grasse to sleep, or to incline
Our Head to quench (in scorching Summer's Heat)
Our Thirst, at some sweet capering Rivulet.
For Thou not onely with thy Reeds shrill Noise,
But equallest thy Master with thy Voyce.
O happy Lad, Thou shalt his Second bee!
Yet We However will re-chant to Thee.
Our Verse, and to the Stars advance thy Peare
We'l Daphnis stellyfy: He lov'd Vs deare.

Mo. Can any Boon endear Vs more? He, young,
Deserv'd to be enhanced with a song.

And *Stimichon* earst prais'd to Vs those Laies.

Me. Heaven's Portall deify'd *Daphnis* doth amaze,
And views the clouds, and Stars beneath his Feet.
Therefore the frolick Woods, and Countrey sweet,
Pan, Swains, and Virgin Dryads now are rapt
With Ioy; Nor doth the Wolfe (to prey so apt)
Worry the Sheep, nor guilefull Toiles aifease
The fearefull Stags: Good *Daphnis* love h Peace.
The Wood-crown'd Mountaines make the Welkin ring
With Shouts of Glee; The Rocks, the Groves do sing,
Menalcas, He's a God! Propitious bee
To thine: foure Altars lo! Two reer'd to Thee,
God *Daphnis*: Two up for *Apollo* set.
To Thee two foaming Cups with Milke repleat,
With Oyle as Many I'l alott each yeare:
With liberall *Bacchus* as thy Wakes I chear,
I'th' Hearth, if cold; If Hot, in shady Bowre.
I'l Chian Wine (as sweet as Nectar) powre
From turn'd up Bowls. While I performe this thing,
Dametas shall with Lyctian *Egon* sing.

Alphe

or, *S I L E N U S.*

Alphesibæus shall trip nimble Rounds,
Like to the frisking Satyrs. When our Grounds
We expiate, and pay our solemn Vowes
Vnto the Nymphs, Thou still shalt have these dues.
Whilst the Fish loves the Streams, the Boar the Hill,
Bees feed on Thyme; on Dew Grasshoppers shrill:
Thy Honour, Name, and Praise shall still remain.
To *Bacchus*, and to *Ceres* as the Swain
Makes yeerely Vowes, He shall to Thee: and Thou
Shalt bind Him with a Curse to pay his Vow.

Mo. How shall I guerdon Thee for such a Lay?
For neither whistling Auster's Gale (I say,)
Nor blow-beaten Rocks delight me so;
Nor Rills that perle through stony Vallies low!

Me. But We this slender Pipe will give thee first.
This [*Corydon* lov'd faire *Alexis*] verst;
This taught [whose sheep, *Dametas*? *Melibies*?]

Mo. Take Thou this Sheeps-Crook (which *Antigenes*
Oft beg'd in vain, and yet a Lovely Friend)
Neat for the equall Knots, and brazen End.

THE SIXTH ECLOGVE,
OR, *S I L E N U S,*

THE ARGVMENT.

*Dread Varus Praise. Silenus, Whittled, sings
The Earths Beginning, & the Change of Things.*

TO sport First in a Syracusan Strain,
And Woods frequent, did my *Thalia* daigne.

The sixth Eclogue.

When Kings, and horred Wars I loudly sung,
Apollo pluckt my Eare, and checkt my Tongue.
A Sheepheard feed his sheepe must, *Tityrus*;
Make slender Verses, not Robustious.

Now I (for, *Varus*, enow will in Verse
Desire thy Acts, and sad Wars to rehearse)
Will tune on slender Reed a Rusticke Lay.
Infranchiz'd is my Muse. If Any may,
If Any These of meere Love read, thy Worth
Our Tamarisks, each Grove shall warble forth.
Nor e'r a Page more deare to Phœbus came,
Than to whose Front prefixt is *Varus* Name.

Sing, Muses. *Cromis*, and *Mnasyllus* saw
Silenus yawn, as in a Cave he lay,
Veine-swoln with yesterdays too-liberall Bowls;
His flowry Chaplet from his Temples rowls,
His care-worne massy Flagon hangs fast by.
Invading Him (for oft the old Fox sly,
With Hope of Verses Them deluded had)
Of his soft Anadems Him Bonds they made.
Agle, as Mate, forth-with accrewes to These;
Agle, the Fairest of the Naiades:
And Now (*Silennus* well enough it spys)
His Front, and Temples with red Mulb'ries dyes.
He, smiling at the Trick, said, Why d'ye ty Me?
Wags, loose; It is enough You did espie Me.
Lo your so-long wish'd Boon! You Verses take;
She shall have some Gift else. And so bespake.
Then Savages, and Fauns, at his Tunes brave
Did dance Levoltos, and Okes Summits wave,
Not his Mount, Phœbus so; Th' Ismarian spire,
Or Rhodope so Orpheus did admire.
For, First, how Atoms met, and did give Birth,
Conjoin'd in that vast Chaos, unto Earth,

or, SILENVS.

To Fire, to Aire, to water : How from all
These Firſts proceeded each Originall:
And how the World's unſtable Globe complide;
How th' Earth it did consolidate, and divide
Salt Nereus from the Freſh, and Things Formes bore,
And Sol's bright Rayes amaz'd, unſcene before :
And how by Præcipies the ſhowrs do fall
From elevated Clouds: Th' Originall
Of Woods He ſung, and how through Mountaines ſtrange
The Animals, at Firſt, did thinly range.
Then *Pyrrha's* caſt-ſtones; *Saturn's* Monarchy;
Caucaſean Fowl; *Prometheus* Theevery;
And how the Saylers, fount-drencht Hyle unfound,
Cry'd, that the Shore did *Hylas*, *Hylas* ſound.
And (happy, had there ne'r bin Heard) doth cheer
Paſiphae with the Love of ſnow-white ſteer.
Ah hap-leſſe Maid! What madneſſe Thee doth ſeaſe?
The three infuriated Prætidæ
Did with falſe Lowing fill the ſpacious Fields,
But to ſuch Coiture of Bulls None yeilds,
Though her Neck feard the Plow, and thee was wont
To ſeek Horns on her ſmooth un-horned Front.
Ah hap-leſſe Maid! Thou Now on Hills doſt ſtray,
He on the *Hyacinth* his white ſide doth lay,
And halfe-digeſted Graſſe again doth chew
Beneath a Holy-Oke, or doth purſue
Some Cow in the great Heard. Shut up your Lawns,
Shut up, *Dictæan* Nymphs, Now: It by chance
Some foot-tracks of the Bull (as 'bout We chaſe)
Meet our retriving Eys: With verdant Graſſe
Or ta'n perhaps, or, the Heard following,
Him to the *Cretan* ſtals ſome Kine doe bring.
Then chants Her that th' *Hesperides* Fruit of Gold
So much admind; Then Moſſy Films inſold

Th

The sixth Eclogue.

Th' Heliades, who Spine to Aldars tall,
With such Dexterity he limns em all.
How Gallus, when He at *Permessus* straid,
One Muse into th' *Aonian* Hills convoid;
And Chants how all the Chore of *Phæbus* Than
Rose up, and did obeysance to the Man.
How with Divining Verse (his Tresse impal'd
With flowry Wreathes, and Parsly Bitter call'd)
Sheep-keeping *Linus* Thus to Him did sing.
Thee these Reeds (take 'em lo!) the Muses bring,
Th' *Ascrean* Sheep-headers once, whereon he'd lay
And sturdy Ashes from their seafures draw.
Now the *Grynean* Wood's Origen chant
With Thee, that *Phæbus* more of None may vant.
Why shall *Linus* Daughter *Scylla* name
How sung by Him? or t'other *Scylla* fame,
That, with dire yelping Monsters hemb'd Below,
Did toss *Ulysses* Carvels to and fro:
And in the tumid Main's incensed Billows,
With her fierce Sea-Dogs worried all his Fellowes.
Or, how He changed *Tereus* Limbs exprest?
Or for Him *Philomela's* Gifts, and Feasts?
How, He, Woods haunting, a Bird's Forme assumes,
But flies about his House First rais'd with Plumes?
All which *Eurotas* (*Phæbus* turning earst)
Did hear, and bad his Laurels learne, Rehearst.
He sings, with Repercussion of the Sound
The vallies ring, and ecchoing do rebound:
Till in the Foulds the counted Sheep t' inshrine
(Maugre *Olympus*) Vesper did injoin.

THE

MELIBŒVS.

THE SEVENTH ECLOGVE.

or, MELIBŒVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Sweet Corydon, out-skrilling Thyrsis well,
By Melibæus Verdict beares the Bell.*

MELIBŒVS. CORYDON. THYRSIS.

Me. **B**eneath a Whistling Holm-Tree *Daphnis* late;
And *Corydon*, and *Thyrsis* did of late
Drive both their Flocks together into One:
Thyrsis, his Seepe; milke-stuff Goats, *Corydon*.
Both striplings; Both You'd thinke of *Arcady*;
Both matcht to sing, and ready to Reply.
While shrouding Myrtles from bleake Winds I staid,
The Flock-conducting He-goat Hence had staid:
And I see *Daphnis*: When Me once he spies,
Come hither *Melibæus* quick, He cryes:
Safe is thy Goat, and Kids, ne'r vex for Those,
And, if Thou canst stay, in the Shade repose.
Thy Bullocks, of their own accord, to drinke
Will Hither come; Here the greene grassy Brinke
Of Gamesome Mince, with quiv'ring Reeds is Crownd,
And from the sacred Oke the Swarmes resound.
What should I do? *Alcippe*, *Phyllis* I
Had not, at Home my Weaned Lambs to try;
And the Swaines did contend in ve'ment sort;
Yet to my worke preferd I their Disport.
Then Both strove in Alternate Verses terse;

The

The seventh Eclogue.

The Muses crav'd an Amebæan Verse;
These *Corydon*; Those Thyrsis 'gan rehearse.

Co. Our Ioy, Lebethrian Nymphs, Me such a Vaine
As Codrus (Phœbus Second) either daign,
Or if All cannot make a Verse Divine,
Hang shall my shrill Pipe on this Sacred Pine.

Tb. Arcadian Swaines (that Codrus Guts with Spleen
May breake) your Poet deck with Ivy green :
Or if He Praise extort, his Fore-head wreath
With Lady-Gloves, 'gainst Codrus blasting Breath.

Co. This Boar's Head Mycon to Thee doth import;
These Antlers, Delia, of a long-liv'd Hart;
But grant this Boon, in polish'd Marble Now,
Calve-bound with Purple Buskins, stand shalt Thou.

Tb. A Bowl of Milke, these cakes (expect no more,)
Priapus, Keeper of our Hort-yard poore.
Now doth a Marble Statue Thee infold;
But if our Flocks increase, be All of Gold.

Co. O *Galatæa*, sweeter than the Thyme!
More white than Swans; than Ivy pale more prime,
When our Bulls fed shall to the stals go home,
(For *Corydon* if ought Thou carest) come.

Tb. More Bitter than Sardinian Hearbs to Thee,
Than Broome, or Sea-Weeds Baser let Me be,
If longer than a yeere is not this day.
For shame, ye full-fed Steers, away, away.

Co. Cool mossy Fountaines, Sleep-alluring Grasse,
Greene Arbuts, that with thin shades You imbrace,
The Cattell from the Sun-sted fence about;
Now on the Tendrell the Buds burgeon out.

Tb. A Hearth, fat Tapers, still much Fire is Here,
And black smoake-collied Posts: as much We care
For Boreas, as Wolves for sheeps numerous Ranks,
Or Rain-incens'd Torrents for their Banks.

Co. Our

or, MELIBOEVS.

Co. Our Iunipers, our Chest-nuts rough are full,
Thou Apples under each Tree strow'd maist cull :
All now laugh ; Let *Alexis* absent be
From these Hills, you should Rivers stream. lesse see.

Th. Fieldes rive, the sultry Air the Herbage Kils ;
Liber the Vine-Leaves envies to the Hills :
Woods *Phyllis* Comming shall with Verdure crown,
And vegetating love with Showrs bring downe.

Co. The Poplar, Herc'les ; Bacchus loves the Vine ;
The Laurel, Phœbus ; Myrtle, Venus fine ;
The Hazels *Phyllis* loves : which while she doo,
Yeeld shall the Myrtle, Phœbus Laurel too.

Th. The Wild-Ash, th' Woods, The Pine the Hort-yards
The Poplar Rivers ; The tall Fyrre the downs. (crowns ;
Faïre *Lycidas*, but after visit Mee,
Wild-ash, and Garden-pine shall stoop to Thee.

Me. This I record ; Feil'd *Thyrsis* did put on
In vaine : since that Time, for Vs, *Corydon*.

THE EIGHTH ECLOGVE.
OR, PHARMACEVTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

*False fickle Nisa, Damon infamizes :
Alphesibie for Daphnis, Spels devises.*

DAMON. ALPHESIBOEVS.

WE'l *Damon's*, and *Alphesibæus* Laies ;
With whose sweet Chants a Heifer stood at gaze,
And Rivers, raviht, did surcease to glide ;
And with whose Verses were Lynxes stupide :

We'l

The eighth Eclogue.

We'l *Damons*, and *Alphesibæus* Laies
Relate. Assist Thou, if thou passest 'ore
Now great *Timavus*, or th' *Illyrian* shore.
Lo! that I may eternize with my Rimes
Thy Martiall Feats, will ever be those Times?
That thy Verse may by Me be o'r the World
(Sole suiting Sophoclean Buskin) hurld?
From Thee my Rise; To Thee my end I'll make;
Verses at thy Command composed. take;
And suffer this my Wreath of Ivie small,
Amongst thy conqu'ring Bays, thy Brows t' impale.
Now scarce contracted were Nights Curtains sable,
(The Dew to th' Catrell Then most acceptable)
Thus *Damon*, leaning on an Olive Spray.

Da. Rise, *Lucifer*, and usher in the day;
Whilst I, inveigled with her couz'ning Love,
Of *Nisa's* Lure complaine, and pittty moove:
And Now accoast the Gods, in fine, apall'd;
Though I Them oft to Record bootlesse call'd.
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Menalian* Layes.
Shrill Woods hath *Menalus*, and Vocall Pines;
To Shep-heards Love-complaining songs inclines
He his Eares still; And *Pan*, who Reeds, of yore,
Taught Tunes to vary, rude compos'd before.
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Menalian* Layes.
Ill-favour'd *Mopsus* doth Faire *Nisa* wed.

What is there, that We Lovers may not dread?
The *Grypbins*, Henceforth, shall with Horses link;
And Stags with Stag-infesting Dogs shall drink;
New Tapers cut, for Thou a Wife dost wed;
Nuts, *Mopsus*, strow, from *Oeta* Hesper's fled.
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Menalian* Layes.
To Worthy Husband ioin'd! while scorning All
My Pipe Thou slight'st, my bounding Goats as small ;

or, *PHAMACEVTRIA.*

My rough-hair'd Ey-brow, and my Dangling Beard;
And ween'st no God doth mortall Things regard.
Begin with Me, My Pipe, *Mænalian* Layes.
A Goat- heard, I Thee, with th^e Mother, view'd,
When Little, gath'ring Apples all be-dew'd,
Within our Hegde fence'd Grounds; Then entred had
The second from th^e eleventh year Me t'invade.
Then under-boughes I coul'd reach o'r my Head:
No sooner seen, How undone! How mislead!
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Layes.
Now what the Godling *Cupid* is, I see;
Or craggy *Ismarus*, or *Rhodope*,
Or Farthest *Garamants* that Rock-born Brood
Produc't, not of our Progeny or Bloud.
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Layes.
Love taught a Mother to distain, for Ire,
In her Son's Gore her Hands; a Mother dire!
A Fiercer Mother, or a Fiercer Lad?
The Mother Cruell, and the Boy was Bad.
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Layes.
Now let the Wolfe fly from the Sheep's Pursuit:
Now let hard Okes be charg'd with Golden Fruit:
Let th^e Aldar flourish with the Daffadil:
Let Tamariske fat Amber Now distill:
Owles cope with Swans: *Tit'rus* put *Orpheus* on:
Orpheus, in Woods; 'mongst Delphins, *Arion*.
Begin with Me, my Pipe, *Mænalian* Layes.
Let All now turne to Sea. Adieu, ye Woods.
By headlong *Præcipses*, into the Floods,
I'll from this trowing Mountain's summit fall:
This Gift, as I expire, take last of all.
Leave off, Pipe, Now leave off *Mænalian* Layes.
Thus He. *Alphesibæus* Answer too,
Ye Muses chant: All cannot all Things doo.

Al. Maid,

OR, PHARMACEVTRIA.

Al. Maid, bring Me out some Water quickly quick;
Then with soft Anadems, and Ribbands thicke
Surround these Altars, and suffumigate
Male frankincense, and oil-smear'd Vervain fat;
T'insuriate with Magicks dire Alarms
Love-flying *Daphnis*. Nought Here wants, but Charmes.
My Charmes fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
Charms make bright Cynthia from her Orbe decline.
Th' Incantresse *Circe* did transforme to Swine
Vlysses Mates by Charmes: The balefull Snake
Charms in the Meads to breake asunder make.
My Charmes fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
I with this triple colour'd three-fold Thred
Arround Thee, and thy Feature poutraicted
Three times about these sacred Altars hale;
For God loves the odde Number best of all.
My Charmes fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
In three Knots knit three Thrums of Triple dy;
Quick, *Amarillis*; say, Love-Bonds I try.
My Charms fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
As this Clay Hard, and this Wax Soft doth prove
With the same Fire: so *Daphnis* with our Love.
Sprinkle the Cake, burne Bay smear'd with Bitume,
He frys Me; I on Him this Bay consume.
My Charmes fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
Let *Daphnis* be with such a Love posselt,
As is a Heifer, when (tir'd with the Quest
Of lust-full steer through Groves, and devious Woods)
She, Loue-consum'd, reposeth on the Floud's
Green Marge, nor late at Night doth thence depart;
Such Him surprize: Nor let me cure impart.
My Charmes fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
As his Love-Pawns, He (Now of trust bereft)
These cast impoverisht Garments whilom left,

Which

MOERIS.

Which, Earth, I sacre in the Porch to Thee.
These *Daphnis* must again restore to Mee.
My Charms fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
These Hearbs, and Pontick simples earst bestow
On Me did *Mæris*: store in Pontus grow.
Vnder a Wolvish Forme by These He'd hide,
And skulking in the vncouth Woods abide.
Transplant Crops waving with Mustacho'd Eares,
And raise up Ghosts from their deep Sepuchers.
My Charms fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
Out, *Amaryllis*, forth-with Ashes bring,
And Them with Head retrait i'th' River fling.
I will encounter *Daphnis* with these Armes:
That reaks not for the Gods, nor Philter-charms.
My Charms fetch from the City *Daphnis* Home.
The Altars, lo! with quiv'ring Flames have caught;
(Be it Auspicious!) whilst that Fire's unbrought!
(I know not what 'tis) and the fierce Curre bawls.
Is't true? or Phantick are all Cupid's Thrals.
Leave off, Charms, *Daphnis* from the City coms.

THE NINTH ECLOGVE.

OR, *MOERIS*.

THE ARGVMENT.

Two Rurals Here bewaile, (Disaster strange!)
In balefull Notes, Menalcas seased Grange.

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

Ly. **W**Hither, O *Mæris*? this Way, to the City?
Moe. We live, O *Lycidas*, (alas! for pittie!)
To heare a Stranger, of our Lands possesst,
(Which We poor Wretches ever feared least)
Say, These are mine; Avant ye Ancient Pesants.
Now we cashier'd, and sad, (O chance!) for presents

C

To

The ninth Eclogue.

To Him these Kidlings (may They choak him) send.

Ly. Certes I heard, where the Hil's Verge doth bend
Downe with feafable descent his Bafes,
To crankling *Mincius*, that the Meads inchafes,
And the Old Beeches Now-broke Summit tall,
That your *Menalcas* by his Verfe kept all.

Mæ. You heard; 'Twas bruited fo; But our Verfe proves
'Mongft Warrs as powrefull, as *Chaonian* Doves,
Love's Bird affailing, Which Before if Thofe
Vnwonted Garboils quickly to compofe,
Did not th' Auspicious Rooke Me warning give,
Nor should thy *Mæris*, nor *Menalcas* live.

Ly. So desperately bent can Any bee?
Ah! were thy folace-giving Layes with Thee
Almost, *Menalcas* raviſht? who ſhould ſing
The Nymphs? or th' Earth imbelliſht in the Spring
With *Flora's* Pride? or drilling Fountaines pure,
O'r-shadowed with Arbours Coverture?
Or (going to our Minion *Amaryll*)
The Verſes Late I ſtole from Thee by ſkill?
Titirus, while I returne (ſhort is the Way)
My ſhe-goats feed; feed, Them to drinke convey,
And as Thou driv'ſt Them to the Rivers fine,
The He-Goat (butting with his Horn) decline.

Mæ. Yea theſe he ſung to *Varus* yet unſil'd,
Thy Name (We not of *Mantua* diſpoil'd.
Poore *Mantua*, to *Cremona*, ah! too near!)
Vp to the twinkling ſtarres the Swans ſhall beare.

Ly. So may thy ſwarmes *Cyrnean* Yews decline!
So may with Milke thy Cythiſſe-brouzing Kine
Their Vdders ſtuffe! Begin (if ought Thou haſt)
'Mongſt the Poetick Throng even I am plac't;
Me the *Pierian* ſiſters did install,
And Me Swaines (unbelceev'd) a Poet call:

or, *M O E R I S.*

I mate not *Varus* yet, nor *Cinna's* strains,
But gagle like a Goose 'mongst Vocall swains.

Mæ I do't, and silent, with my selfe I scan;
'Tis a brave strain, if call't to mind I can.
Come, *Galatea*; in rough *Neptune's* Wave
What Pleasure is't? Here snaking Rilletts laye
Flowr-motly'd Banks; Here is a Purple spring;
A fallow Poplar a Grot shadowing;
Here cool Vine-Arbours shroud Vs from the heate.
Come; 'gainst the Beach let surly Billows beat.

Ly. Nay those I heard Thee singing one cleere Night:
The Tune I know, could I the words hit right,

Mæ Why dost Thou, *Daphnis*, Ancient starres survey?
Lo, *Dionean Caesar's* doth display
His clinquant Head, Corn-ears with Grain t'indue,
And hil-bred Grapes with their ripe purple Hue!
Imp Pear-Trees, *Daphnis*, for thy Nephews shall
Gather the Peares. Time hurrieth with It All;
Yea my frail Mem'ry. I thinke how (a Boy)
I spent in singing many a Summers day.
Those songs are now in deepe Oblivion drownd.
Impeacht is *Mæris* hoarce obstructed sound.
The Wolves saw *Mæris* First. At his Retreat,
Oft shall *Menalcas* Them to Thee repeat.

Ly. Pretending scuses, Thou prolong'st our Loves;
And Now no sea with iustling Surges moves;
The full-mouth'd murmuring Gusts are silent, see!
And halfe-way of our Iourney come are Wee:
For you' *Bianor's* Tomb his raised Top
Begins to shew. Here, where the Rurals lop
Their Trees luxurious Boughs, let's caroll: Here
Lay down thy Kids: Or if perchance We feare
Lest the Night gather Rain Before, We may
Sing as We goe; Lest hurt Vs will the Way.

The tenth Eclogue.

That We may do't, Thee of this Load I'll ease.

Mæ. More of Me, Boy, Now to desire surcease:
Let's Rather to an end our Businesse bring;
When He him-selfe shall come We'll better sing.

THE TENTH ECLOGVE. OR, GALLVS.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Scorcht with Idalian Flames; fond Gallus is
Enamour'd on the Strumpet Cytheris.*

THis last Peece grant Me, O kind *Arethuse*;
Some Verses to my *Gallus* must Thou, *Muse*,
(But such as let *Lycoris* read) rehearse;
(Who unto *Gallus* would deny a Verse?)
So under *Sicil's* Seas when thy Flood raves,
May not Salt *Doris* mixe her briny waves!

Cupid-thrild *Gallus*, Loves begin to rouz,
Whilst that the flat-nos'd Goats the Tendrels brouz.
Not to deafe Hearers We our Airs afford,
The Ecco-ringing Woods our Words re-word.
What Groves imbowr'd You, Virgin-Naiades,
While *Gallus* perisht by such Loves as these?
For neither tōwring *Pindus* caus'd your stay,
Nor *Aganippe* in *Aonia*,
Nor yet *Parnassus* spire. With one accord
The Tamariks, the Laurels Him deplore:
Beneath a lovely Rocke reposing, thus
Condold *Lycæus*, Pine-clad *Mænalus*.
The sheepe surround Him priz'd in our Esteem,
Nor Thou Them to be vainely slighted deem,
O divine Poet: Ev'n *Adonis* faire
His sheepe did pasture at the Rills with Care.

or, *GALLVS.*

The Sheep-head tardy Cow-heards thither drew;
From gathering Winter Acorns did accrew
Menalcas wet; And Then demand They All
This fascinating Love's Originall.
Why art thou Frantick, *Gallus*, cries *Apollo*:
For now thy Darling doth Another follow
Through the Snow-shirted Alpes, and horrid Camps.
Next, pranckt with Flowry Wreathes, *Sylvanus* ramps,
And came with flowring Feruls in his hand,
And great unfully'd Lillys. Ruddy *Pan*,
The God that swayes Arcadia Then appear'd,
With Dane-wort Berries, and Vermillion smeard,
And (quoth He) will there be no Meane, nor measure?
Such Griefes as these to slight Love takes a Pleasure.
Nor Teares dire Love; Nor Streames that gently float
Grasse satiate; Cythiffe, Bees; Nor leaves, the Goat.
Yet thus He said, Arcadians, ye this Thing
(To sing sole skild) shall in your Mountains sing,
What soft Repose shall Then my Bones enjoy,
If your Pipe shall my Loves Hereafter play?
And would to God I had bin of your Crew
To tend your Flock, or Vintager to You!
Were *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* of Renown
My Paramour (what though *Amynt* be Brown?
Blacke is the Hyacinth, and Violet)
Beneath a Willow-married Vine We'd sit:
Me *Phyllis* Chaplets (while *Amynt* did sing)
Should gather. Here's a coole, and pleasant Spring;
Here soft enameld Meadowes, Here a Grove,
Here my whole Life, I'd spend with Thee, my Love.
Now moody *Cupid*, 'mongst hard Warres Alarms,
And hostile Troopes detaines Me, hemb'd with Armes.
Thou, hard *Lycoris*, from thy Country farre
(May I, to give no credence to it, care!)

The tenth Eclogue.

Without Me through the Alpes, and Rhine dost trace.
Let no cold hurt Thee, ah no keene yce race
Thy tender Feet! I'll go, those Layes that earst
Compos'd were in Chalcidick Numbers First,
I'll tune on the *Sicilian* shep-heards Reed.
For, rather in the Woods I have decreed
My Mansion 'mong the wild Beasts dens to have,
And in Trees tender Barks my Loves ingrave:
They shall increase: You, my Loves shall increase.
'Bout Nymph-frequented *Menalus* I'll chase,
Or Boars intoil. *Parthenian* Lawns will I
Begird (cold scorching) with the loud-mouth'd Cry.
Through Clifts, and ecchoing Woods ev'n Now to go
I seeme: *Cydonian* Flights from *Parthian* Bow
I'll twang: As though This may my Fury cure,
Or *Cupid* may to sympathize inure.
But now again not *Hamadryades*,
Nor Verses Themselves Vs impatient please.
Woods yeeld again; Our Toils Him cannot change.
Though We through *Thracian* snow i'th winter range,
Though Then We drench our Lips in *Hebrus* Flood:
Though when the Barke rives on the Elm We shou'd
Feed th' *Aethiop's* sheepe, under the Crab aduft.
Love All subdues, and yeeld to Love We must.
This that your Poet sung it shall suffice,
Ye Muses, whilst He sitting Wickers ties:
To *Gallus* make these Layes, *Pierides*,
Most deare: to *Gallus*, whose love doth encrease
To Me each houre as much, as in the Spring
The Alder sprouts. Let's go, to such as sing
The shade's offensive, the Iuniper's shade:
And shades are hurtfull, when they Fruits invade.
Full-fed, my browzing Goats, go home, goe home,
For Night-reducing Helper Now is come.

FINIS.

A
SATYRICAL
ESSAY,
OR
THE TWO FIRST
SATYRS OF *IVVENAL*
ENGLISHED.

BY
JOHN BIDLE.

Est aliquid prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.



LONDON.
Printed I. L. 1634.



THE EPISTLE.

MArvell not, Readers, that I set before you but this Pittance: I was loth to cloy your Appetites at the first, knowing (on the one side) that mens queasy and squemish stomachs rellish better the poinant suckets of a Love-Sonnet, or the Iulips of a frothy Epigram, than a Homely (though holesom) dish of Satyricall stuffe: And fearing withall (on t' other side) lest having cooked a great deale of this hard and sower-Meat ill, I might have so distasted a truely judicious Palat, as to have made it even sicke with Loathing, being not able by Reason of the Quality (much more the Quantity) without great annoyance, to concoct it. In this therefore (in cooking I meane) if I have greatly failed, I will willingly cry Peccavi, and herein offend no more: if not, (God helping) present you with the second and third course. In the mean-time, Gentlemen, rest you content.

John Bidle.



D. I V N I V S
I V V E N A L,
HIS FIRST SATYR.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Our Author in his furious Breast
Resolves, in like sort, to infest
The tyring Poets of his Times,
But with sharp-fang'd Satyrick Rimes ;
Urg'd in this rough Career to prance,
By Rome's debauch't Inhabitan's :
As shamelesse lewd Viragoes First ;
Soft Nice-lings, and Informers cur'st ;
Pollers of Wards ; Wife-selling Pimps ;
Will forgers, and Incestuous Imps ;
Chuffs ; Dicars, with their Boven Lures ;
Excessive Builders ; Epicures.*



*Hat ? shall I be a Hearer onely still ?
And ne'r to counter-tire 'em try my Quill,
With bawling Codrus vex't, & pester'd Thus,
His Poems, of the Gest's of Theseus,
So oft rehearsing, till He's hoarse again ?
Scot-free shall One trouble out to Me again,*

His

His curious smooth Latin Comedies?
 Another his soft amorous Elegies?
 And tyred thus on each side, ne'r shall I?
 Scot free shall that Long tedious Tragedy
 Of *Telephus*, be all-day-long recited?
 On that of mad *Orestes*, Fury-frighted,
 The Booke of a huge Balk; in Folio Writ;
 And (th' Margin full) Endorst; Nor ended yet?

None better knowes his House, than I the Grove
 Of dantlesse *Mars*, sprung from the Strain of *Ioue*;
 And thumping *Vulcan's* Forge, that doth o're-peere
 The seven *Æolian* rocky Ilets neere.
 What Pranks the whiffing Winds are wont to play;
 What Ghosts sterne wracking *Æacus* doth pay;
 From whence Another steales the Golden Fleece,
 And beares It, through the surging Brine, to Greece;
 What great Wild-ashes *Monychus*, in Fight,
 Vp-rives, and darts against the Lapithite,
 Muse-fostering *Fronto's* walks his Or-thards round,
 Seeld with broad-spreading Plane-Trees, still resound.
 And's Roof's ev'n shiverd downe with oft Repeating,
 And Marble Columnes with the daily Beating
 Of yelling Poets cryes ev'n broke, record,
 As if th'had conn'd it over every Word.
 The Dog-bolt Poet, and the Artist Rare
 On the same subject Descant every where.

And We from th' Ferule have our Hand with drawne
 And We, declaiming Fained Theams have ta'ne,
 And counseld *Sylla*, his vast Reach confinde,
 And's troublesome Dictatorship resignde,
 Vnto a Private Life to buckle Then,
 And sleepe secure. 'Tis foolish Pitty, when
 You meet so many Poets every where,
 A little worth-lesse paper for to spare.

But

But why I Rather list This Race to run,
 Rak't by *Arunca's* Noble Foster-son:
 If you at Leisure be, and like it well;
 And of a Reason will admit, I'll tell.

When a soft Eunuch with a Wife shall mix;
 When lewd Froes (such as *Mavia*) shall transfix
 The Tuscan Boar upon the Stage, and Bear,
 With naked Dugs, a Steel-tipt Hunting-spear;
 When one base Scoundrell, Now out-vyes, Himselfe,
 All the Patricians with his ill got Pelfe,
 Who whilom oft with snipping Siffers sheard,
 When ~~I~~ was in my Prime, my cumbrons Beard;
 When that Egyptian Peasant, (Now so soft)
 That Vassall of Canopus, *Crispin*, oft
 Cals backe his Purple Cloake, and at It chides,
 That with the Hest still from his shoulders slides;
 And waves his sweating Fingers too and fro,
 His light, thin-plated, Summer-Rings to show,
 Nor can (for sooth) endure the pond'rous Freight,
 Of a Gem, in his Ring, of greater waight!
 It is a hard thing not to Satyrize.

For who's so stupid, (when he cast's his Eyes
 On such Deboistnesse in *Rome* ev'ry where)
 So steely-hearted, that he can forbear >

When that Guts, *Mattho*, (of an Advocate,
 Turnd a Promooter Now) is growne of Late
 Lo Rich. that He in his New Litter rides,
 Full with his strouting Panch, and burly sides:
 And after Him when That Arch-Sycophant,
 The Poller of the Greatest Peeres, doth flaunt,
 That soone of precious Life will All deprive,
 Of the devoured Nobles that survive;
 Whom even the base Delator *Massa* feares;
 To whom the Pick-thanke *Carus* Presents beares;

At whom *Latinus* shudders, and for Hire,
 (To stop his mouth) even playes the Apple-Squire,
 And prostitutes to Him his owne deare Wife,
 Lest He accuse Him should, and take his Life.
 When They disherit Thee, the Lawfull Heir,
 Who in the Will invest Them-selves, by their
 Night Service; Who soone up to Wealth, and Powre,
 This Way (the best Now to Promotion) towre,
 Even by fulfilling the Obscene delights,
 Of rich Old Womens Itching Appetites:
 To *Proculeius* one twelfth Part's assign'd,
 But unto *Gillo* the eleventh behind;
 In the Inheritance every One doth share,
 As They by prudent Nature furnisht are:
 Well, much good it Him with his Lot, (for me)
 And let Him, all his Blood exhausted, be
 With such a meager Palencesse still possesse,
 As He that with bare Heels a Snake hath prest;
 Or th'Oratour in the strict Solemne Game
 At the Lugdunian Altar to Declaime.

What need I to relate with how great Ire
 My dry, chaf'd, glooming Liver's set on Fire?
 When that base Termagant doth proudly strout,
 And prease the People with the mighty Rout
 Of his Retinue, that his person gards,
 That rose to this vast Powre by Pilling Wards,
 Whom Now Ill-tempting Need doth even constrain
 Their lives by Prostitution to sustain:
 And *Marius*, who into Exile went,
 Condemn'd in vain (for what's Disparagement.
 If a Man's money still remaineth safe?)
 Now est-soones, after eight of clock, doth quasse,
 And's Genius cheeres more, than Before, by Ods,
 And makes a Booty of the Angry Gods:

But

Sat. I.

IVVENAL.

But Thou, victorious Province, polled sore,
Thy un-reprized Pillage dost deplore.

These shall I not think worthy to be jerkt,
And with a Venusian Satyr yerkt,
That smells o'th Lamp? Shall I not Ferret These?
Why Rather should the Toiles of *Hercules*,
Or *Diomedes* Fowl-transformed Men,
Or bellowing *Minotaure* engrosse my Pen?
The Sea drencht Boy, or that quaint Artizan,
That did the Air with selfe-fram'd Pinions fan?
When a base Pimp th' Adult'rer's Goods inherits,
(If his Wife cannot by her Filthy Merits)
That his Crafts-Master is up-right to ly,
And rivet on the Seeling still his Ey;
And, faining Him well whittled, to repose,
And Then snore soundly with a routing Nose:
When he dares canvas for a Regiment,
That hath his Goods, in Pampring Horses, spent;
Who wasts his Ancestor's Demeanes away,
While with swift Coach he rakes *Flaminia*:
For young *Automedon* the Palfreyes reand,
When as He, vaunting, did Himselfe commend,
Vnto his cloak-invellopt Paramour.

Why, prithee, should I Now not bend my Powr,
And fill large Tables in a four-way Leet?
When a proud Princ Cox Lords it through the street,
Pearcht on six Shoulders, to the fleeting Air
On each side open, in a naked Chair,
Even mating soft *Mecenas* Garb; that came
Vnto this gallant Pompe, this Wealth, and Fame,
By Little forged Wils, and Testaments,
And his wet Signet, that the Wax indents.

While further I proceed in Sin's Survey,
A powerfull Matron meets Me in the Way,

Who

Who to her thirsty Husband 'bout to skink
A Cup of luscious *Galene* Wine, to drink,
It with a Land-Toads banefull Venom blends,
And Counsell to her Ruder Neighbours lends,
(Than that *Locusta* earst b'ing better skild)
Their Husbands with a Poysonous Potion kild,
Forth-with to cary their blacke Corfes out,
Though it be knowne, and bruited by the Rout.

If e'r Thou meanest to Thrive, some Fact assaile
Short *Gyaros* deserving, and the Iaile:
Prais'd Vertue fits, and blowes her Nailes for Cold.

To heinous Crimes they ow, what-e'r they hold,
To Them ingaged for their Wealthy State,
Their Hort-yards, Manours, Tables Antique Plate,
And imboist Goblets, on whose massy Sides
Stands *Phryxus* Emblem that the Goat bestrides.

Whom suffers the Incestuous Leacher vile,
That his owne Brothers Daughter doth defile,
(With Money precorrupted) for to sleep,
And's Pen from writing touchy Satyrs keep?
Whom Male-Brides filthy, and Cupidian Boyes,
That learne lewd Courtship, yet their childish Toyes,
And Purple garded Coats are laid aside?

If the Ill Genius of a Man denide,
Even Indignation would make Verses Than,
So, so, as I, or *Cluvienus* can.

Since that *Deucalion*, (the Rest drencht in Rain)
Imbarquing on the Showr-incens'd Main,
Bi-topt *Parnassus* in a Friggot raught,
And *Themis* Oracle devoutly sought;
And softned Stones, ensould by vitall Heat
Gan quicken by Degrees, and Cold defeat;
And *Pyrrha* shewd her Maids (enlived Stones)
To the Males likewise sprung from *Tellus* Bones:

Mens

Sat. I.

IVVENAL.

Mens Actions whatsoever, Fond desire,
Vaine Pleasure, Pannicke Feare, Revengefull Ire,
False glozing Ioyes, and fruitlesse speeches, looke,
Are even the hotch-potch Subject of our Booke.

And when had all deboistnesse e'r more Scope?
When lay a greater Receptacle ope
To the Prodigious Sin of Avarice,
Than in our Times? when did damn'd cheating Dice
E'r raigne o'r Human Beasts with greater Sway?
For Now, not little Bags, to goe to play
A Sett at Tables, do our Gamesters take,
But a whole Coffe, cram'd with mony, stake.
What Bick'rings you'l see with the Steward There,
His Master's Squire (forsooth,) that do's prepare
His Implements, and Dicing Equipage.

Infuriated with a Simple Rage
Art Thou, lewd Spend-Thrift, for to loose no Lesse,
At Mum-chance, than an hundred Sesterces,
And not, for Wretchednesse, to spare a Groat
Tow'rd buying of thy quiv'ring Groome a Coat?

Which of our Grandfires did, in Elder dayes,
So many costly, sumptuous Mannours raise?
Which, by Himselfe Alone, at one Repast,
Did with seven Dishes feast his dainty Tast?

But in the Lobby, Now a little Maund,
To be snatcht by the Gowned Rour, doth stand;
Yet First he in thy Face doth stare, and dread
Lest Thou, false nam'd, come in Anothers stead.
If known, Thou shalt Receive. He summons Then
By a shrill Cryer, even the Noble-men,
That vaunt Themselves sprung from the Trojan Strain,
For They infest the Lobby with our Train.
Give to the *Prator*, to the *Tribune* give
They yell aloud, and cry. But by your leave,

Roome

Roome for a Libertine your Better, Here
 (Quoth He) I am, your Better. Should I feare,
 Or doubt for to defend, and keep my Place,
 Though great Euphrates Verge my Birth embase,
 Which the soft Loop-holes in my eare imply,
 Although I stiffely should the same deny?
 But my five Taverns in the *Forum* Heere,
 Yeeld Me a Knights Revenues every yeere.
 What greater Boon confers the Purple Vest,
 (The Badge of Knighthood) if *Corvinus* prest
 By Need, turnes Hireling, and Anothers Sheep
 Doth in the Champains of *Laurentum* keep?
 With a far richer State endow'd am I,
 Than wealthy *Pallas*, and the *Lucini*;
 Now therefore let the Tribunes wait a space:
 Let Riches beare the Bell! nor Him give place
 To sacred Honour, that, priz'd at a Rate,
 With white chalkt Feet came to this City Late!
 Sith Powerfull Riches Now Majestick sit,
 Amongst Vs deem'd Divine, although, as yet,
 Thou, banefull Mony, dwelst not in a Fane;
 As yet, by Vs un-godded dost remaine,
 Nor have we any Altars reard to Thee,
 As unto Peace, Faith, Vertue, Victory,
 And Concord, on whose Temple, with the Beak
 The Storks, their Nests saluting, loudly creak.

But when, at the yeeres End the States do count,
 To what the Profit of the * Maund doth mount;
 How much it doth to their Revenues add:
 What shall poore Clients do, that Hence are glad
 To fetch the shoes They weare, and Hence their Cloak;
 Hence Bread, and Wood to make the Chimney smook.

* *Sporulae opposita cana resta.*

The Nobles, clustring, in^r their Litters stand,
 And crowd together thick to beg a Maund.
 The faint Wife, ready to be brought a Bed,
 Her Husband followes, and about is led.
 One, Suttle, for his absent Wife a Part
 Demandeth will, a well knowne tricke of Art,
 For his Wife showing a close empty Couch;
 Then to the Almer doth the same avouch,
 And quicke dismiss me, 'Tis my *Galla*, cryes;
 Why staist thou thus, and dallist; He replies?
 Lift, *Galla*, up thy head; Advance thy Crest:
 When straight th' Impostor, Peace, She takes her rest.

Our Roman Gentry with a rare surway,
 And exact order, can dispose the day!
 For, first to crave a Maund betimes they goe;
 Then, to *Augustus* Court of Plea; And so,
 Vnto the Lawyers Haunt, *Apollo's* shrine,
 Where the Triumphall clinquant statues shine.
 Mongst which, I know not what *Aegyptian* slave,
 And Arch-*Arabian* durst his Image have,
 Not onely worthy to be well be-pist,
 But ——— The Old weary Clients then, dismiss,
 Depart the Lobby, with a Maund content,
 (That for a Supper hop't before they went)
 And with it (for they quite despaire againe)
 To buy 'em Wood, and Cole worts last are faine.

Meane while the choicest Sea fish, at his Boord,
 The choicest Ven'son that the Woods afford,
 Their Kingly Patron rich doth gurmandize,
 And by Himselfe on his Bed empty lyes:
 For of so many Faire, so Old, and Large,
 They but one Table still with Viands charge,
 Their Patrimonies there devouring quite.
 There will be now no Smell-seast Parasite.

But who'l endure those base Luxurious Chuffes?
 What's He, who, when his stanch-lesse Maw he Stuffer,
 Whole Brawns before him sets (Prodigious thing!)
 A Creature onely made for Banqueting?

But Thou dost quickly for thy Ravening pay:
 For when Thou, stripped, downe thy Robes dost lay,
 And to the Bath within thy fronting Panch
 (The which so many Cates before did stanch)
 An undigested Peacocks Flesh dost bring,
 Hence sudden Deaths, and Age Inestate spring.
 A Now (nor Balefull) Fame is bruited, Beast;
 Of thy untimely Death at every Feast.

And thy last Funerall Solemnitie
 Is by thy moody Friends performd with Glee.

There will be no Offence, no Crime so bad,
 That After-Age can to our Manners add!
 Our Nephewes will the same desire and doo.
 All Vice is at the Highest Pitch! Goe too,
 Launch, Bally, launch, and all thy Sailes display;
 Ply nipping Satyrs. Here, perchance you'l say,
 Whence, prithee, wilt thou have such Wit, and Art,
 That's correspondent to so hard a Part?
 Whence th'Ancients Liberty (their Mindes to write,
 And, what their Fury prompted, to recite:)
 (I say) The Ancients down-right Liberty,
 Whose Name I dare not Now to specific?

What matterd it at all, if *Mutius*, Tho,
 Forgave *Lucilius* biting Taunts, or No?
 But Now debaush'd *Tigellistus* note,
 And Then, invellopt with a Rozen'd Coate,
 Thou shalt be kindled for a Taper-Light,
 Like Them, with transfixt Throats that blaze by Night,
 And in the middle of the Tragicke land,
 A broad Trench dig 'em, and there burning stand.

Shall

Sat. I.

IVVENAL.

Shall He Then, that with banefull Aconite,
Three Vncles poison'd, and dispatcht 'em quite,
Vpon a Down-stuff Couch be mounted high,
And over-looke Vs with a scornfull Ey?
Yes; If he chance to meet Thee in the Way,
Straight with thy Finger stop thy lips, I say:
For if it happen but one Word run o're,
There will be an Appeacher; St, no more.

Thou safely mayest adventure to rehearse
Aeneas Stowr with the Rutilian Fierce:
Achilles Story, how he got his End,
Transfixt by *Paris* Dart, doth not offend:
Or much-sought *Hylas*, that so soone was quencht,
And with his Pitcher in the Fountaine drencht.
As oft as wood *Lucilius*, as it were,
With his drawn Bilbow Thunderd, straight for feare,
The Hearer flushes, whose Heart's cold with Sin;
With Secret Guilt his Fivers sweat within.
Hence th'are so testy, and for Anger Whine.
Perpend Thou therefore this Advice of mine,
Before th'Alarm: Who hath his Murrion hent,
Hee too-late of the Duell doth repent.
Well Then what's granted 'gainst Those, I'll assay,
Interr'd i'th' *Latin*, and *Flaminian* way.

D2

D.IV.

D. I V N I V S I V V E N A L
H I S S E C O N D S A T Y R.

T H E A R G V M E N T.

*False glozing Stoickes naked Stript;
Their tapers'd sins unmaskt, and whipt.
Obscene abused Catamites.
Soft Indiges. Base Hermaphrodites.
Face-Farthing Otho quipt; his Error
In too much Gazing on his Mirror.
The Gracchi (that notorious Paire)
Unvizor'd, and well-scourged are;
The First, for his Man. Marriage, next;
For Fencing on the Stage, the Next.
He shewes the source, from whence arise
All such uncouth Impieties,
To be; 'cause men beleerve no Hell.
Then do's Rome's vast Ambition tell,
And jerkes, with It, her soft-growne State
That Strangers did effeminate.*

I Hence from Rome will post, with speedy Motion,
Beyond the Sauromates, and frozen Ocean:
When Sacred Manners are the Chat of Those,
Who, seeming cury, live like Bacchus Froes.

First are your Art-lesse Pedants: though at Home
They have *Chrysippus* Image made of Lome
In every Creeke, and Corner. For sole He,
Of these Men, the exactest faine will be,
That can the Life-like Statues shew to Vs,
Of *Aristotle*, and Sage *Pittacus*.

And

And (/s Megazin of Bookes to guard) that sets
cleanthes and the *Stoicks* Counterfeits.

The Front's a cozening Mirror ? For what street
Is not with Obscene *Catoes* now repleate ?

None more comptrols Effeminacy, than

The most notorious soft *Socratian*.

Rough Limbs, and Armes all-bristled o'r with Haire,

Are the plaine Badges of a Mind severe :

But in thy smooth Posteriors, full of Biles,

The smiling Leach doth lance the swelling Piles.

These men have seal'd-up Lips, and take great Pride,

In silence and demurnesse ; yea, beside

Their notted Haire doth not their Ey-brow busse:

And therefore debauch't *Teribonius*

Is in a far more tolerable state ;

His Nature to Malignant Stars, and Fate

I iustly doe impute, whose very colour,

And lazy Gate are Symptomes of his Dolour.

Such mens simplicity should Vs excite

To Sympathy, and Ruth ; Their Passion's might

Doth plead Them Guiltlesse : But far worse are They

Who with *Herculean* Thundring Taunts inveigh

'Gainst these Delinquents, and of Vertue prate

Amid their base Venereous Cringes. What ?

For feare of thy drad presence shall I shiver,

While thy Posteriors do obscenely quiver ?

Or, *Sextus*, am I one jot worse than Thee,

Quoth loose *Varillus* of known Infamy ?

Strait let Him be, that mocks a wry-leg'd Man ;

White, that derides an *Athiopian*.

The *Gracchi* plaining sore of Garboiles neare,

And Innovation, who can brooke to heare ?

Who would not, with confusion blending All,

Cry out ; Heavens ! Earth, and Seas ! when *Verres* shall,

(The Archeſt Land ſharke) be displeas'd with Theeves;
At Homicides when th' Hackſter *Milo* grieves;
The moſt Notorious leacher *Clodius*,
Empleads Adulterers; When *Cethegus*;
(The *Boutefeu*)'s accus'd by *Catiline*;
When three like bloody Tyrants ſhall (in fine)
Tax *Sylla's* Table of Proſcription?

In which liſt was *Veſpaſian's* Luſt-full Sonne,
Whoſe Coiture, and late-Adultery,
Might be the ſubject of a Tragedy:
Who calling backe the *Indian* Law ſevere,
All, nay *Mars* and his Lemman thrild with Feare;
From *Julia's* fruitfull (but too ſon-laid) wombe,
When ſo many Abortives forth did come;
And from Her iſſued, (in lieu of ſonne)
(Right like their Vncle) ſhapeleſſe Embryons.

Therefore doe not the moſt deboriſt, by right,
Yea even the vicious in the Abſtract, ſlight
Theſe glozing *Scam*, 'Who of ſinne complaine,
And, bit by their Invectives, ſnap againe?

Late one of theſe Abule-Comptrolers proud
Laronia brookt not, as he yeild aloud,
Retreating; where art thou *Julian* Law?
Falne in a Lethargy? with ſmiling Aw
Who thus acoaſts Him; O thrice-happy Age,
Whoſe Manners Groſſe are checkt by ſuch a Sage!
Let *Rome* (earſt Impudent) Now bluſh & offend:
A third ſowre *Cato* doth from heaven deſcend!
But whence, Sir, doe the luſhious Vnguents come?
Whence is this odoriferous *Balsamum*
(In thy rough hairy Neck that ſwells ſo) brought?
Tell of what ſeller of Perfumes 'twas bought.

But if the ſleep-drownd Lawes be rowz'd, Than,
Above All, ought the ſharpe *Scantinian*.

First canvas Men in your strict Scrutinies :
 More palpable are their Enormities :
 But their Vast Number doth Them safely shield,
 And their close Files with Target Fencers field,
 Amongst those Rybaulds there is great Consent;
 But no such detestable President
 Shall in our Sex be found: Even *Tædia*
 (That Trull) doth never Abuse *Cluvia*:
 Nor *Flora* (that lewd Qucan) *Catulla* Wrong
 With th'obscene Actions of her beastly Tong.
Hispo's a *Pathick*, and diseas'd no lesse
 With Passive, than with Active Filthinesse.

Do e'r we Women wrangling causes plead?
 Do We the Civill-Lawes peruse, and read?
 Or in your strife-full Courts e'r scold, and brawl?
 Still at your Tournies, Few (or None at all)
 Virago-like doe combat; Few doe eat
 The Doughty Wraistlers sole-allotted Meat.
 Ye Card Wooll, and re-carry backe in Maunds
 The well-wrought Webb; Ye nimbly with your hands
 Rowl the Thred-swelling Spindle, Quicker yea
 Than feat *Arachne*, or *Penelope*.

Like to the Squallid Spinster, by her Dame
 Doom'd to the Clog, for being Tardy ta'ne.

Why wealthy *Hister* made his Denison,
 In's Will solé Heir of all his Goods, 'tis known;
 Why with great Largeesses He, in his Life,
 Rewarded still his untoucht Virgin-Wife.
 Rais'd shall She be to Wealth, and Dignity,
 That in a *Pathick's* Pallet Third doth ly.

This way to Thrive I thee will onely teach,
 Marry but such a One, and ne'r Appeach.
 Rich Pendants guerdon oft such secrecie.

On Vs a heaivie Doome is past, and We

Mean-while do smart it; The Lawes partiall are,
That filly Doves infest, and Crows forbear.

These daunted Stoicks from *Laronia* flung,
While such Apparant Truths She boldly sung :
For who can burden her with Forgeries ?

What will not others dare to enterprise,
When Thou invellopt art, soft *Creticus*,
In Robes of Tassetic Diaphanous.
And (though the Rout doth fleere at this thy Vest)
In it to Death Thou Harlots sentencest,
As poore *Polinea*, and *Procula*.

A Whore's *Fabulla*, and *Carfinia*,
Condemne 'em (if Thou list ;) yet ne'r will They,
Condemn'd, invest Themselves in such Aray.

But Sun-burn't *July* Sir, most torrid is ;
And I even swelt with Heat. I grant you This
Then plead stark-naked : 'Tis a seemlier thing
To be a Mad-man, than a Wantonling.

A Garb past all compare ! in which Thee clad,
And promulgating Lawes (so Life They had)
Ev'n daign to heare the Ancient *Romans* might,
Returning Victors from some horrid Fight
All gasht, and mangled ; And those Mountainers,
Their Plowes forsaking, and their Tillage-Cares !

What would you not exclaime, a ludge to see
So trapped ? I demand if *Affetic*
Become a Witnesse ? Thou undaunted art,
A Patriot stout : yet ev'ry Limb, and Part
May be discerned (to thy great disgrace)
Through the small crannies of thy pory Case.

'Tis other Loose Men's foule Contagion
Hath stench't thy Life, and further yet will run ;
Like as one Scabbed Sheepe a Flocke infects ;
One scurvie Swine a whole Heard's Health rejects ;

And

Sat. 2.

IVVENAL.

And from sight of one perisht Grape that's blue,
Another Grape contracts the selfe-same Hue.

E'r long thou'lt Villanies attempt, and dare,
Than those soft Vestments more flagitious farre.
None forwith e'r extreameely wicked grew.
Thee, by degrees, into their filthy crew
The throng of Dapper softlings will admit,
Who 'bout their Fronts at Home do Bonnets knit,
Their Neckes adorning with deft Carquiners;
And (like the Froes, that with Sow's tender Teats
Appease their *Bona-dea*) screen'd in Night's
Black collied Mantle, doe their beastly Rites
To the Virago; but invert the Guise,
And Women thence cashier, and chase with Cries,
Who dare not to the guarded Lobby venture?

This sacred Temple may Men onely enter;
Hence, Profane Women, Hence, They lowdly bawl;
No Cornets Clangor howleth Here at all;

Such Orgies did those Priests Effeminate,
Earst with Night-burning Tapers celebrate,
Wont with their Antique Rounds (obscenely merry)
Cecropian Cotytto even to weary.

He with wet Cole-sleck all his eye-brow smears;
Then curls in curious sort the collow'd Haires
With a neat Crisping Pin, and lifting up
His twinkling Eyes, doth fard 'em. In a Cup
Of Glasse, proportion'd like a Virile Wand,
He drinks, and in a Call (with curious Hand
Made all of ductill Gold) his Head he dresses,
Fare't with the Trammels of his braided Tresses;
In Watcher Robes invest'd, finely wrought
With Cob-web-worke, and in a Whitish Coat
Smooth-shorn, and thin, his very Groome (beside)
Swearing by *Juno* in a wanton Pride.

In's

In's Hand Another carr's a Looking glasse,
 (Earst Otho's, born in lieu of Royall Mace)
 And It, no lesse triumphing, doth advance,
 Than *Turnus*, when he brandisht *Aetor's* Lance.
 In which He view'd Him-selſe in Harnesse standing,
 And His the standards to erect commanding.

In new-made Registers, and a Fresh story
 To be recorded is this Mirror's Glory,
 Part of the Baggage of the Civil Warre!
Galba to stay, was like a Chieftain Rare,
 And woman-like (forsooth) with curious Art
 His Skin to Fucusse, was a Heroe's Part!
 To bicker sharpely, at *Brebriacum*,
 For Empire of great Pallace-famed *Rome*.
 And spread on's Face Bread soakt in Asses Milk,
 To sleek the skin, and make't as soft as silke!
 When Quiver-wearing loose *Semramis*
 Did never in *Assyria* practise This;
 Nor *Cleopatra*, in her base Retreat
 From fatall *Actium*, sad for her defeat.

All kind of rybould Talke, and filthy words,
 Are Here the parly at their very Boards:
 To speake obscurely Here, and make a Noise
 With an affected wanton, lisping Voice,
 Hath the same Liberty, as earst among
 Base *Phrygian* Cybele's lascivious Throng;
 And the old dotard, with a hoary Head,
 Their Arch-Priest, Spirit-rapt, and extasied,
 May for his rav'ning panch, (ne'r cloy'd with meat)
 Of Gurmandizers be sole tearm'd the GREAT;
 And is well worthy to be hir'd, to be
 Their Provost with an Ample Salarie.

But why yet linger These, and dally thus,
 Whom (like those *Phrygian* Priests Venerous)

Sat. 2.

IVVENAL.

It is high time Themselves to evirate,
Sith they are Now grown quite Effeminate ?

The Pathick *Gracchus* (like a Virgin-Bride)
(As I thinke) to a Fluter earst affide,
A Trumpeter he was esse (I assure ye.)
Gave forty Sesterces to him for doury.
In short, the Nuptial Tables both were sign'd;
To this great Volleys of loud shouts were ioyn'd
All crying out to Both, God give ye loy !
Large dishes, charg'd with Viands, in a Ray
Were set upon the Table; This New Bride
Lay dandling in her Husband's Lap beside.

O Peers ! Of Censours, to Reforme with speed,
Or of Sooth-sayers have We greater need
T' Attone such foule portentuous Crimes as This ?
Wouldst thinke'em more stupendious Prodigies,
And shudder more, to see a Cow to a Lamb,
Or to a Calfe a Woman prove a dam ?

Long puffed stoles, and Scarfs of Crimson Dy
Now habit Him, whose Neck be seemingly
With short Round scutcheons was still charg'd of yore,
Which Thong-ty'd, nodding with the Waight he bore,
And the Morisco danc'd, till (chast with Heat)
He parboild all his Limbs in scalding sweat.

O Mars, drad Father of all-crushing Rome !
Whence have the Latian upland shep-heards come
To this stupendious Height of Wickednesse ?
Whence hath such tickling Lust (like Nettles) these
Thy bastardizing Nephews toucht, and stung ?
For lo a Man, whose Fame for Riches rung;
Who was innobled by his royall Line,
Doth (against Nature) with a Man combine !
And dost not (for all This) thy Morrion shake,
Nor cause the Earth, struck with thy Lance, to quake.

And

And, nettled with most horrid Indignation,
To thy fire love complaine in furious Fashion?
Avant Then; leave thy Tilt-yard (earst severe)
Which Thou neglectest Now, devoid of care.

To Morrow, when Sol First shall mount his Carre,
And Heaven's Career to Gallop Him prepare,
I must unto *Quirinus* Temple wend,
For I've engag'd my service to a Friend.
Pray what's the cause (quoth One) of your Vagary?
When straight Another, Why d'ye make Enquiry,
As though You know not? His Friend married is
Vnto a Man, and with a Few, (for This)
'Tis shuffled up: But, if you live, you'll see
Such Nuptials solemniz'd openlie,
And in the Publike Registers inrold.

Mean-while great Teen these Male-Brides hearts doth
Because They cannot (be They ne'r so fain) (hold,
Bring forth, and so their Husbands still retain.
But Nature well provided that our minds
Should not our Bodies change to other Kinds.
These cannot be with-childed, therefore They
Must barren dy, and ne'r their Bellies lay;
Nor yet no pouting huf puffed Lydian Dame
With her Receipts can remedy the same:
Nor would it profit, though their Palms they had
By *Pans* yare running Priests well ferula'd.

But *Gracchus* in a sleeve-lesse Coat bedight,
(His Gown discarded) hath outstripped quite
This vncouth monster with his Trident, and
Turn'd Fencer, earst did scoure the spacious Sand,
O'r come, and chas'd by his pursuing Fo-man
(I say) the Scoundrel *Gracchus*, Now a common
Net-casting Fencer, whose high Royall strain
Dim'd with it's Lustre all the clinquant traine

Sat. 2.

IVVENAL.

Of Capitol-preserving *Manlius*.
The stout *Marcelli*, Great-soul'd *Catulus*,
And life-contemning *Paulus* doughty Brood;
Th' Heroick *Fabies* all of Noble Blood;
And all the Senators, with every Peere
Plac't in the Fore-ranke of the Theater;
Though I should ad to These the Prætor too,
The Fencing-Nets to cast that hit'd him tho.

That there are any grizly, hideous Ghoasts;
Realms vnder ground in Hel's black Ebon Coasts;
And a long shoving Pole (grim *Charon's* Oare;)
And blacke Frogs swimming in the *Stygian* Moore,
And that so many thousand souls do float,
And stem that Sable Sound in one small Boat;
Men, nay even Boyes themselves (vnlesse they be
No higher than three Horse-loaves, nor a Fee
E'r to the Bath-guide did for Batting pay)
Are so farre from Belceeing Now, that They
But Silly Old wives Fables do esteem 'em,
And childrens Bugs, and Scare-crows onely deem 'em.

But do Thou count em' true; What dost suppose
Stern Curius thinks, and the Two *Scipio's*?
What grave *Fabricius*, and *Camillus* Ghoast?
What all the *Fabies*, that Patrician Hoast,
Quite routed at the Verge of *Cremera*?
And all the Roman Fry, whose CorpSES lay
So thicke, that *Cannæ's* field was paved quire?
What the soules of so many flaine in Fight,
As oft as any such polluted Ghoast
As this, descends Hence to their hallowed Coast?
Sure They would est-soons to be purg'd desire
With Sulphur (might they have't) and Sacred Fire;
With fat Pine-Tapers, and a clensing Spray,
To sprinkle Holy-water, made of Bay.

Alas,

Alas, We (whether we beleeve't, or no)
To the Infernall Kingdomes needs must go!
We have (Indeed) our Guydons born beyond
The Late-ta'n Orcads, and Hibernian strond;
And sea-clapt *Britans* whose light Hemi-sphere
Is with Nights sable shrouds scarce curtain'd e're.
But the Prodigious sins, which We, at Home,
(Triumphant Victors) do commit in Rome,
Those whom We have surpriz'd, and triumph o're
(Sole Conquerours indeed) to doe abhorre,

But yet One, loose *Armenian* Zalates,
Softer than striplings All, unnerv'd by Ease,
Was (as't was bruited, and by all men se'd)
The Lust-inflamd Tribune's Ganymed.

See what commerce will doe! he came to Rome
As a good, simple Hostage did become.
Here they are made Men! But if longer stay
These Forraine Lands make in our City, They
Shall ne'r want a corrupting Paramour.
Their stops, Knives, Bridles, switches swopt with our
Loose Garbles, the Prætext Manners soft away
They will beare with them to *Artaxata*.

FINIS.

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